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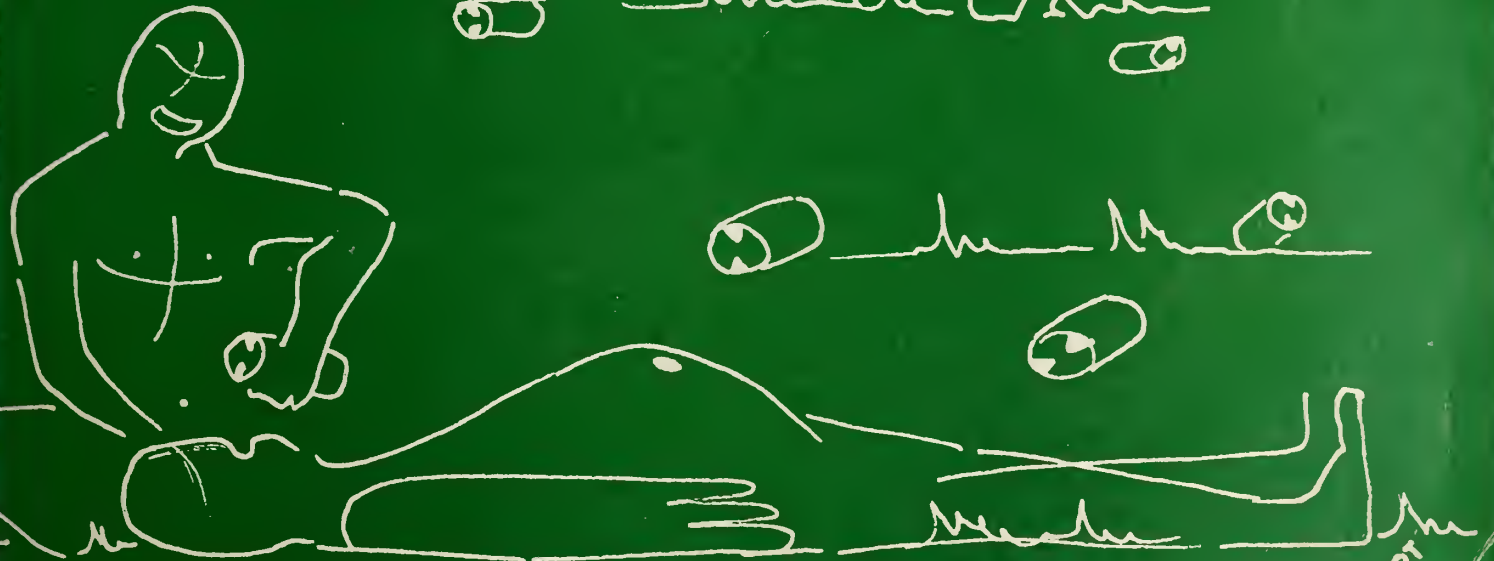
Volume 1, nos. 1-2
V. 2, nos. 3
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Volume 6 Complete

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YAHOO

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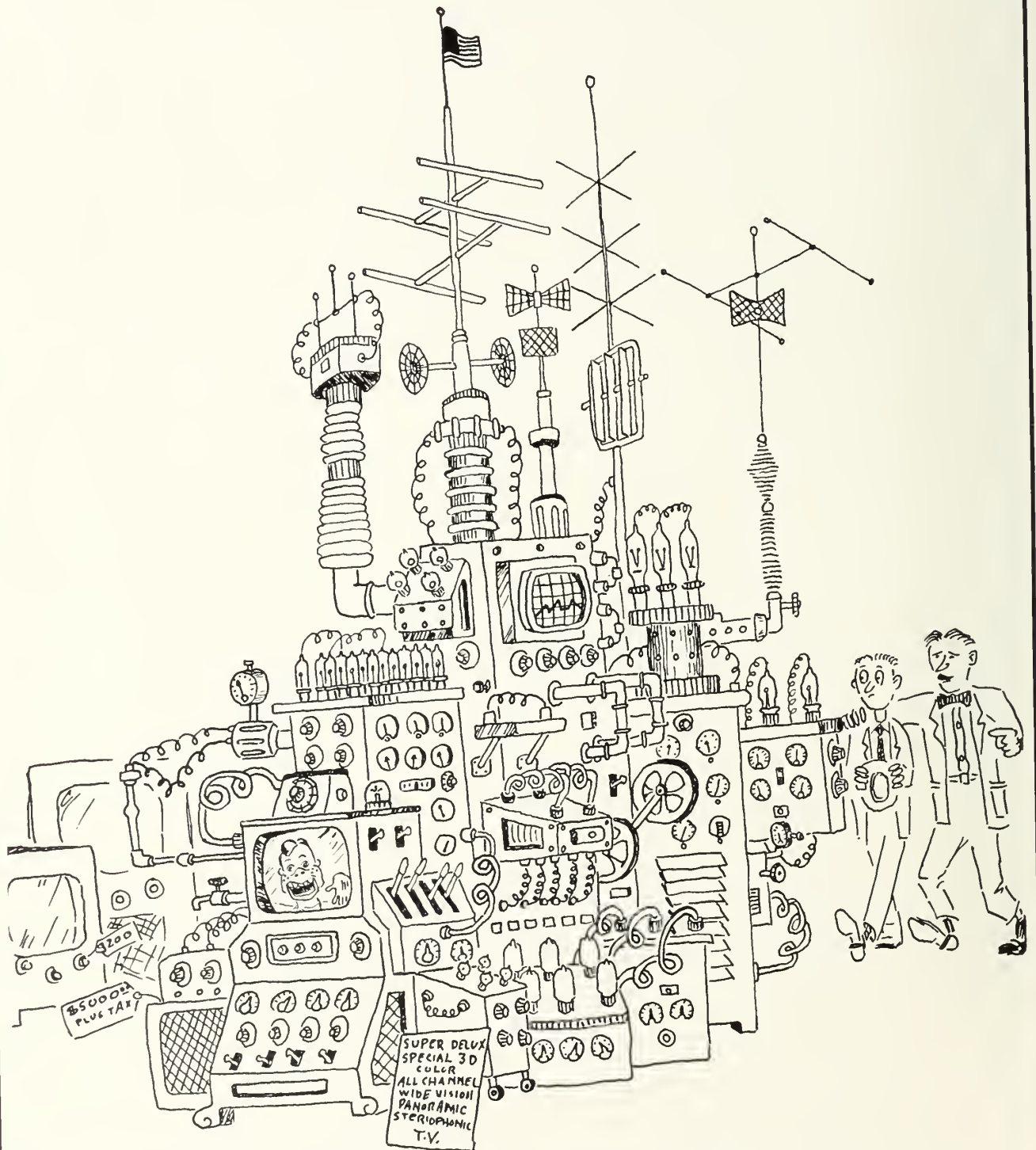


Scot

CENTRAL ELECTRONICS

TELEVISION
PHONOGRAPHS

RADIOS
HI-FI SETS



Ya-Hoo Awards of 1955

YA-HOO MAN OF THE YEAR

TOM BISHKO (For stellar performance in the line of duty, for making "Property of" a household word, and for making UM athletes the best underclothed athletes in the world, YA-HOO awards its coveted "Man of the Year" title to the Cage's beloved haberdasher.)

UGLY WOMAN ON CAMPUS

LENA (After scrutinizing the co-ed population on campus for months YA-HOO has chosen Lena for the outstanding and singular facial characteristics that stamp her the most typical woman student at the University of Massachusetts.) See page four.

JAMES JONES AWARD FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF REALISM IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE THE QUARTERLY

BOING AWARD FOR THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN AVIATION TECHNIQUE

SIMON (This award is being granted posthumously.) for his stellar performance in "The Silver Chalice."

GREATEST SETBACK TO CHRISTIANITY SINCE NERO "THE SILVER CHALICE"

ABORIGINE AWARD FOR THE BEST ATTENDED ATHLETIC EVENT OF THE YEAR

THE KAPPA SIGMA VS. LAMBDA CHI ALPHA BEERATHON

UNSUNG HERO OF THE YEAR

THE GOON WHO SWINGS THE ANVIL TO RING THE GONG FOR J. ARTHUR RANK.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AWARD FOR THE GREATEST ADVANCEMENT OF YELLOW JOURNALISM

C & S

PRAVDA AWARD FOR THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN PROPAGANDA METHODS

THE COLLEGIAN "DAILY" PUSH



ADELPHIA PUT-PUT AWARD

ISOCON CHAPTER OF MOTOR BOAT

BEST ARGUMENT FOR A STRONGER AIR FORCE "BATTLE CRY"

BEST MOVIE OF THE YEAR

THE PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS TO "ONE SUMMER OF HAPPINESS." See page 25.

WORST MOVIE OF THE YEAR

"ONE SUMMER OF HAPPINESS"

GOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

STANLEY H. CRAMER (The George Gobel Prize is awarded to Mrs. Cramer's little boy "Stashu" for his outstanding creative effort in the short story field. Mr. Cramer's work has appeared in such famous publications as *Zanzibar Missionary Monthly*, *Spinach Growers' Digest*, and *Tempo*.) See page 21.

SAE "THAT'S THE BREAKS OF THE GAME" AWARD

PHI SIGMA KAPPA

GREATEST THREAT TO WORLD PEACE SINCE THE INVENTION OF THE H-BOMB

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT (For the introduction of such courses as wrestling, gymnastics, and trampoline, and for the innovation of written examinations and term papers in such intellectual teasers as volleyball, parallel bars, and tumbling, YA-HOO gives a special citation to the new regime at Curry Hicks.) See page 12.

ANDREI GROMYKO AWARD FOR THE BEST WALK-OUT OF THE YEAR

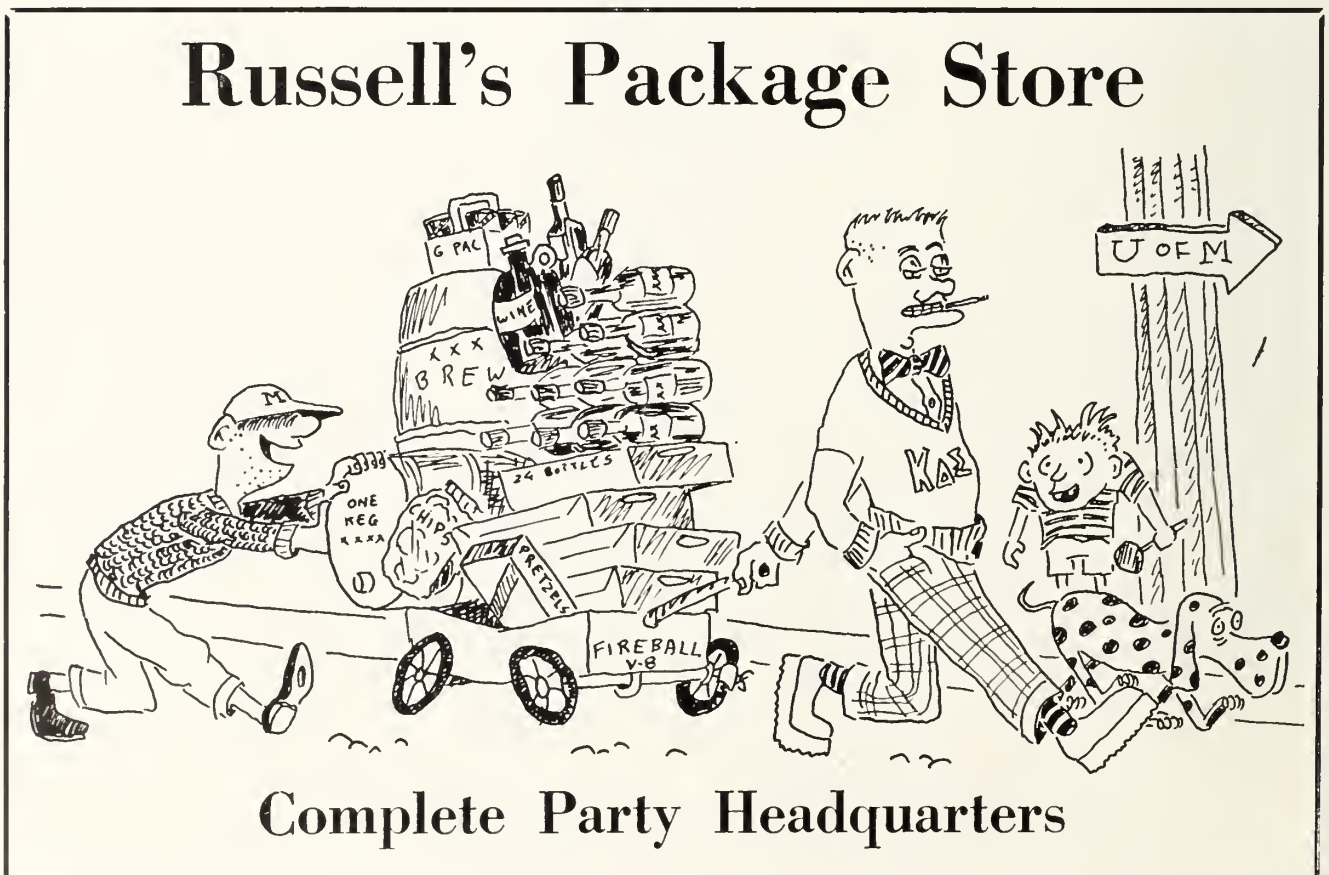
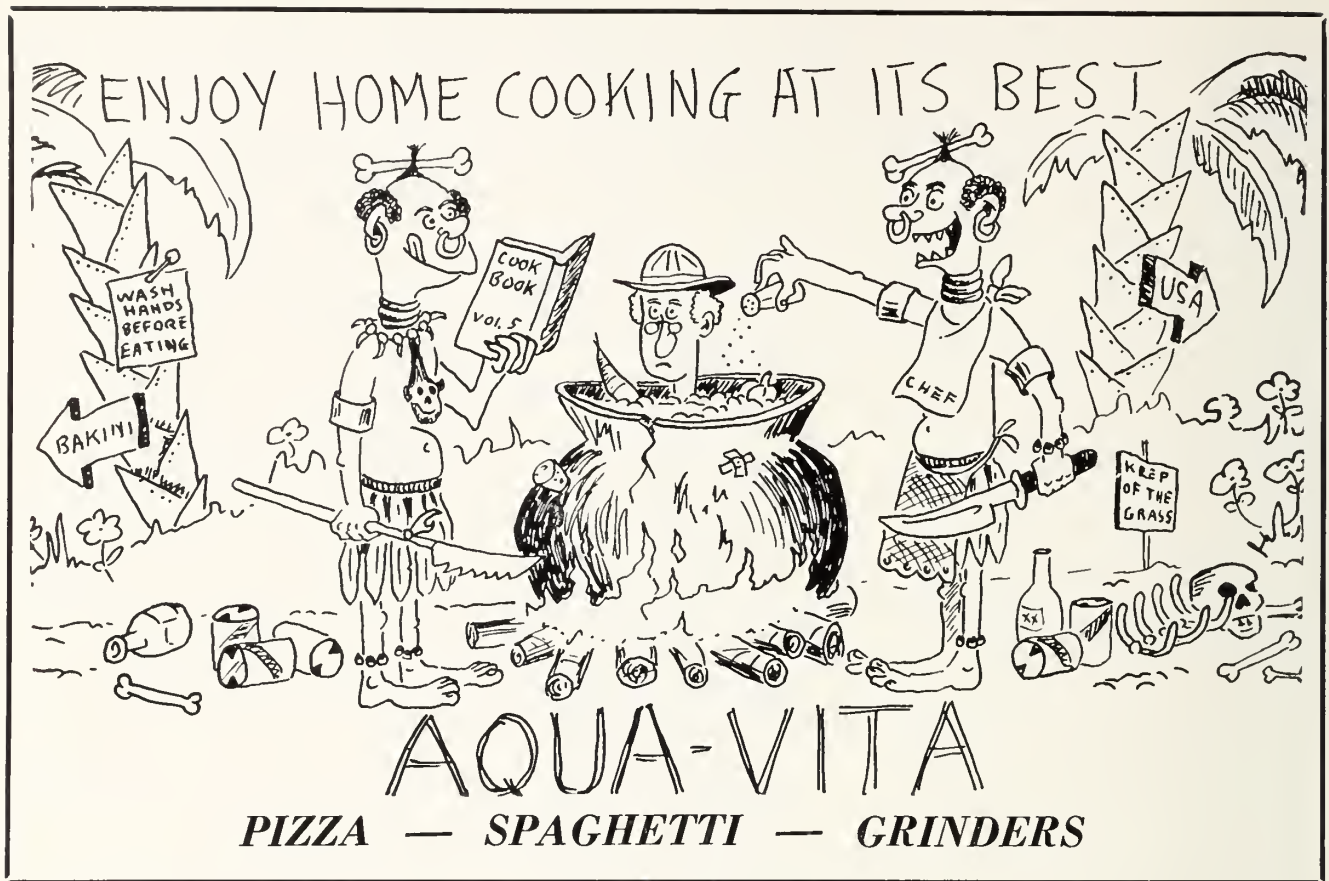
BIFF DANAHER

WHERE'S ALL THE SHINY NEW BUILDINGS? AWARD

THE ADMINISTRATION

BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE YEAR

THE NAMING OF "NEW DORM" ARNOLD HOUSE



The Greeks Had A Ball

by MICHAEL FERBER



The Thinker ...



"Pride goeth ...



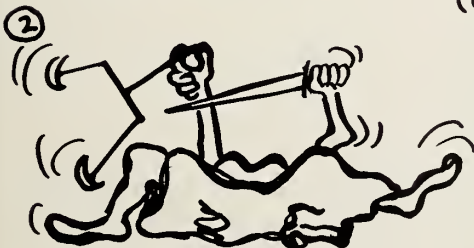
"Eureka! I've found it!"



"Justice is just ...



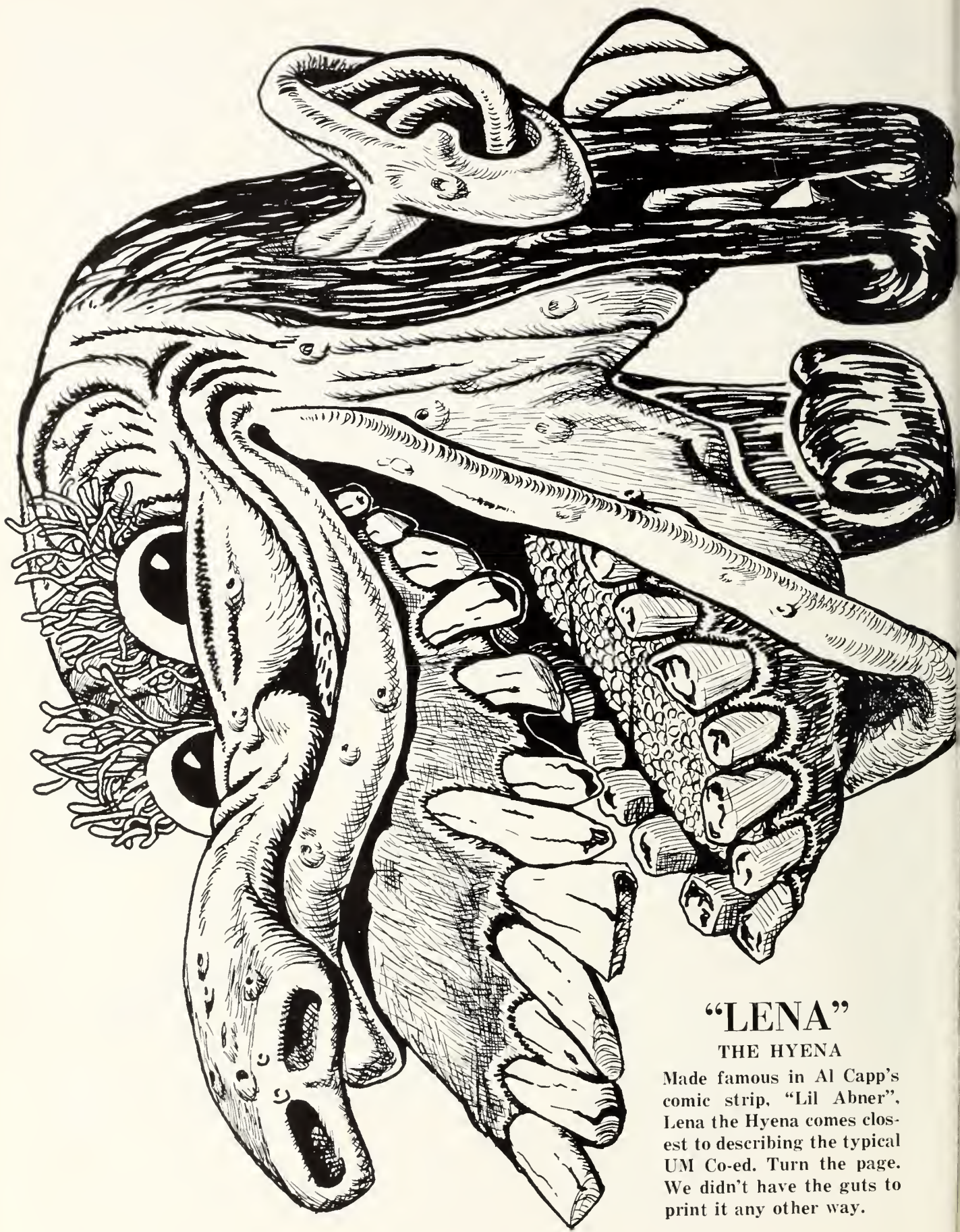
... before a fall."



... like any other woman."



"Can you give me a hand?"



“LENA”

THE HYENA

Made famous in Al Capp's comic strip, "Lil Abner", Lena the Hyena comes closest to describing the typical UM Co-ed. Turn the page. We didn't have the guts to print it any other way.

YA-HOO



THE MAIL POUCH



To the Editor:

I am writing this letter to tell you that I think your magazine is the . . . of humor I have ever been . . . into reading. Not only were the stories . . . but . . . and . . . Further, I think your entire staff should be . . . and if that doesn't do it, the whole lot of them ought to . . . That's what I think of your . . . magazine! I'll bet you haven't . . . to print this!

Name Withheld

(Editor's Note: YA-HOO will gladly print any letter sent to us.)

To the Editor:

Congratulations on doing such a brilliant job on the first issue of Ya-Hoo. It is certainly the finest example of humor I have ever seen. You and your entire staff are to be congratulated for doing such a marvelous job. I also think you should all receive scholarships.

Mother

To the Editor:

Great work on your first issue! How many did you sell? Please send me the funds as soon as possible as my unemployment check hasn't come in yet and they refuse to give me any more credit at the bar.

Father

c/o Monte Carlo Casino

To the Editor:

Greetings from the President of the United States. You are hereby ordered to report . . .

Local Board No. 25

To the Editor:

Why is it that the youth of our country seem to think that smut and filth are the only things that are funny? You may think it's very clever, and Hemingway may use words like "d-n" and "h-l", but the more ma-

ture reader is only sickened by it. I hope you will wisely refrain from using such language and filth in the future so that your older readers will enjoy the magazine.

James Jones,

Author of *From Here To Eternity*

To the Editor:

My name is Selwyn Q. Eppis, Jr. I am four years old and am Lieutenant Governor of Illinois. I have been perusing through your publication with a great deal of interest, and I am extremely sorry to say that I have been unable to extrapolate anything out of my study except for the over-use of suggestive stories. I feel this is indeed demoralizing to our youth and I must ask you to cease and desist.

Selwyn Q. Eppis, Jr.

Age Four

To the Editor:

Lissen youse guys! Le's have sum mor uv dose raunchy stories. I'm really horny.

Selwyn Q. Eppis

Age 68

To the Editor:

So you guys don't think I can fly, eh! They said Da Vinci was crazy, they said the Wright brothers would fail. Watch the eastern sky during the month of May.

Simon

To the Editor:

I am a good girl. I don't beat my mother, roll drunks, or pick up sailors at Scollay Square. I'm lovely, standing 6'4" and weighing 105 pounds. I play the piano and the tuba, and pull stroke oar for the Harvard crew. Why don't I have a date for Greek Ball?

Lena

Introducing

The Rathskeller At The DRAKE



AMHERST

— THEATRE —



*Where
Hits
Are
A
Habit*

On Ya-Hoo and Yahoos

Of times while slogging through the mud from Old Chapel to the C-Store for a morning spot of tea, some bright-eyed young thing will arrest our motion and ask, "Why did you ever choose the name *Ya-Hoo* for the humor magazine anyway? Is it a cross between *Yak* and *Voo-Doo*? Or is it an obscure tribal yell of the old Massasoit Indian tribe?"

Assuming our most intense early morning sneer, we look down at the bright-eyed young thing and say: "No, cretin, *Ya-Hoo* is neither an African tribal superstition nor the rebel yell of Stonewall Jackson's Fighting Fifth." At this charged moment the sweet young thing either bursts into tears, says "Oh?" weakly, or drowns in the mud.

Occasionally a mature sophomore taking English 26 will pop his head out of one of those insane buckets hanging on a tree waving a Rinehart Edition and say: "Is there any connection between *Ya-Hoo* and the Yahoos in *Gulliver's Travels*?" This amazing suggestion of a correlation is most gratifying to us and assures us that there is hope for the survival of intellectualism at the U. of M. yet.

For strange as it may seem, our sophomore friend has struck the nail on its proverbial cranial peak. *Ya-Hoo* gets its quaint title from Jonathon Swift's raunchy chapter, "A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms." To wit:

"I heard the word *Yahoo* often repeated betwixt them . . . and I saw three of those detestable creatures, whom I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow dead by accident or disease . . . My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal a perfect human figure; the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide . . .

"By what I could discover, the Yahoos appear to be the most unteachable of all animals, their capacities never reaching higher than to draw or carry burdens. Yet I am of opinion this defect ariseth chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition. For they are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and by consequence, insolent, abject, and cruel."

So, loyal readers, now you know the derivation of the name *Ya-Hoo*. Swift liked horses better than people. Maybe he had a point there. But how many of us are fortunate enough to have the opportunity to sit down and have a man-to-horse conversation? Damn few, that's how many.

As for the rest of us poor Yahoos, all we can do is look around us at the other Yahoos and laugh about the whole rotten mess. So start laughing.

B.L.B.

YA-HOO

Massachusetts

YA-HOO



VOL. 1

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NO. 2

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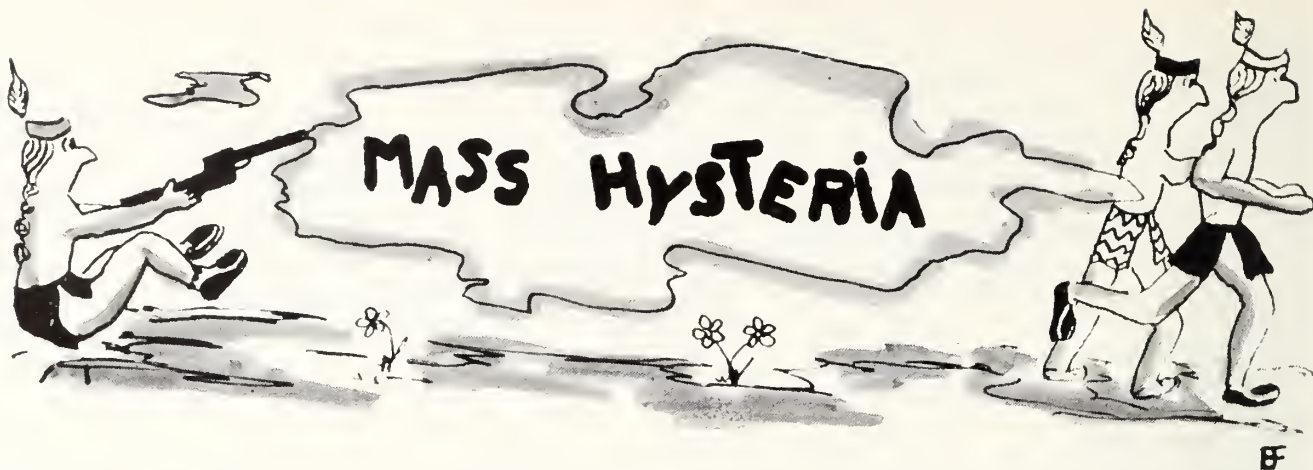
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Ya-Hoo is the official undergraduate humor magazine of the University of Massachusetts, published two times in the academic year 1954-55 by students of the University of Massachusetts. Subscription price is 50 cents a year, 60 cents if mailed outside Amherst, Massachusetts. Subscriptions may be obtained by writing to *Ya-Hoo*, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts. Entered as third class matter at the Post Office in Amherst.



BF

Vive Spring!!!

It is sometimes difficult to avoid the quicksand surrounding the confines of the new University buildings. Recently, as we were casually wending our way toward the Snack Bar for a mid-day snack, it was necessary to make several stops to retrieve a submerged sock or release a thigh encased in the gooey, oozing mass so tenderly reminiscent of Korean meadows.

Still we marched — ever onward, making little headway, losing strength rapidly. As the towering concrete porch seemed just within our clutching grasp, a loafer floated by, fol-

lowed by a pair of Bermuda shorts, several massive white bucks, and a 1916 Stanley Steamer.

We finally reached the entrance, stepping over a clenched hand slowly succumbing to the powers of the muck. Spring is here—Amherst style.

Daily Thoughts

..... Even though Sam doesn't think so, Max, you're not bad.

..... Far be it from us to have such thoughts, but you will have to admit that "Walking the Plank", is one of the most fantasy-provoking titles we've heard of in a long time.

..... Have you ever wondered if

those articles signed C & S were actually written at C & C?

..... While we are on the subject, did it ever occur to you that the rest of the paper was also written at C & C?

..... Whatever happened to that hilarious statue of Mettawampe anyhow?

..... Now that the Drake has a Rathskeller, do you think that Barsity's will build a penthouse?

..... Now that the Rendezvous has set a precedent by serving Green Beer on St. Patrick's Day, do you think that the House Un-American Activities Committee will be around to investigate on May Day?

..... What do you think of the rumor going around campus that the Quarterly is going to change it's name to the Quagmire?

..... Did you know the Old Chapel bells rang thirteen times at midnight a few weeks ago?

..... Remember the day, the seventh of May.

Section Eight

In the quaint lingo of the military services, Section Eight is traditionally known as a discharge for "psychological" reasons. WMUA has adapted the military term to two psycho cases, Norm Rothstein and Pete Stoler, who produce, direct, write, and star in their own version of Section (You guess the number).

The show is a collection of insane and inane bits vaguely reminiscent of Bob and Ray in their halycon days.



Rumor has it that Red "He is a cop, he ain't a cop" Blasko has been chasing Rothstein and Stoler with a hatchet since the night they harmlessly (as in rattlesnake) dedicated the show to him.

The highlight of the half-hour is the "Sound of the Week" contest in twang of an athletic supporter slap-which the audience is challenged to guess a sound, such as the melodious ping a soggy matzoh ball. The prize awarded is a priceless year's subscription to *Ya-Hoo*.

The Hoaxters

Although most of you have probably heard about it already, *Ya-Hoo* would feel guilty about going to press for its spring edition without some mention of the greatest hoax of the year on campus.

Ya-Hoo first heard the news at the weekly Kappa Kappa Gamma 10 o'clock coffee hour, when Mary-Beth Mitchell burst into the room shouting, "The Chordettes are coming to the house for a visit Saturday afternoon!!!" This little tidbit of information produced a minor avalanche, which caused the Kappa house to list ten degrees toward Burmuda.

From his new position under the table, *Ya-Hoo* asked with his usual debonair naivete, "So who're they?"

Icy stares followed this harmless inquiry, and it was explained that the Chordettes were the famous singing group who had recorded the popular "Mr. Sandman," the same Chordettes who had sung on Arthur Godfrey's show, the same foursome who were appearing at Riverside that weekend, and the same girls who had been Kappas on another campus. As if there could be any doubt left, ex-KKG president Jan O'Hare waved a very official-looking telegram confirming the visit.

Also duly impressed and quietly sipping coffee were Adelphians Gerry Cohen and Dan Melley and juniors Ed Fouhy and Jack Sweeney.

On Thursday the Kappas spread

the word throughout the campus. Friday the *Collegian* carried the story on the front page. Saturday was the great day—the Kappa house was mobbed with parents, friends, guests, and a few relatives too. The air was charged with excitement. Breaths were baited.

At five o'clock a call came in from Northampton: "The Chordettes will arrive in fifteen minutes." Bedlam, that's all, sheer bedlam. Traffic was hopelessly jammed on Lincoln Avenue. The Chi O's got out their telescopes. Anthony Eden paused for ten seconds of silent prayer.

Fifteen minutes late, a nondescript jalopy, so old it was before they started naming cars, chugged up to the Kappa lawn. A banner proclaiming the Chordettes was unfurled, and out stepped the Chordettes? No... A truce team from Panmunjong? No... The Vassar crew? No...

Out stepped the ludicrous quartet

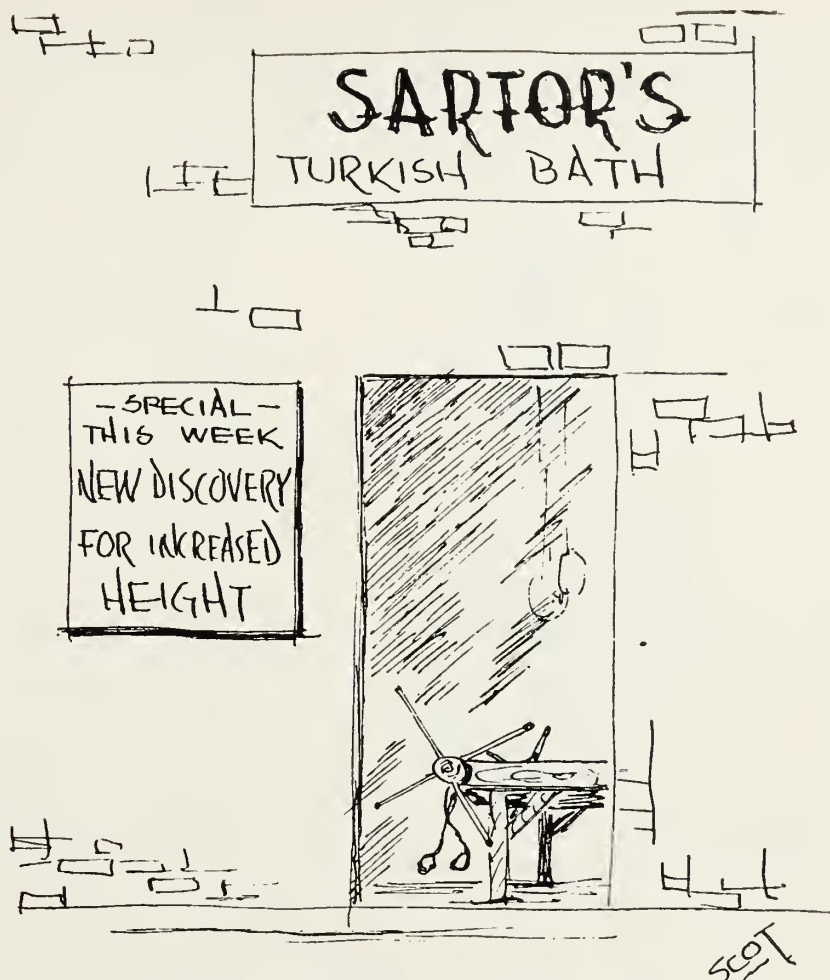
of Cohen, Melley, Fouhy, and Sweeney. They greeted the guests, thanked the Kappas for their gracious invitation, ran through 146 bars of "Mr. Sandman," with variations on the original theme by Beethoven; and as mysteriously as they had appeared, they vanished into never-never land.

For this hoax, unparalleled since 1951 when three Adelphians were lynched for publicizing the appearance of The Andrew Sisters at a football rally, *Ya-Hoo* extends a three-star commendation, awards the hoaxters a box of Snickers, and issues a challenge to Kappa Kappa Gamma: "Can you top this?"

Verboten

Just a few months ago, the Com-misar of Men issued a directive to the effect that all underclassmen were forbidden to maintain cars in or around

Continued on page 27



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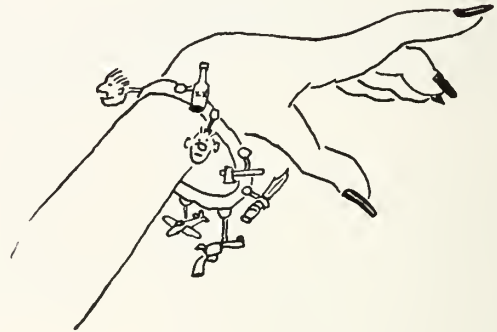
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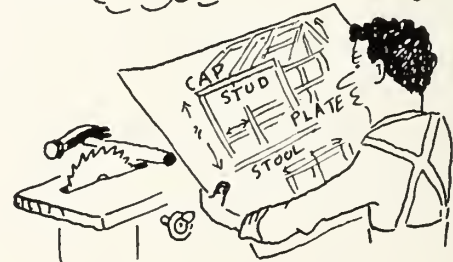
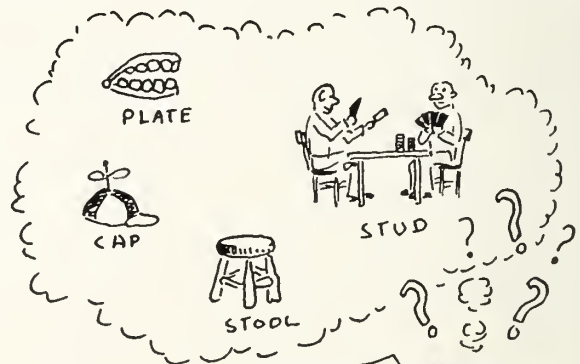


GIFT NOOK

Give Her Flowers From
MONTGOMERY'S



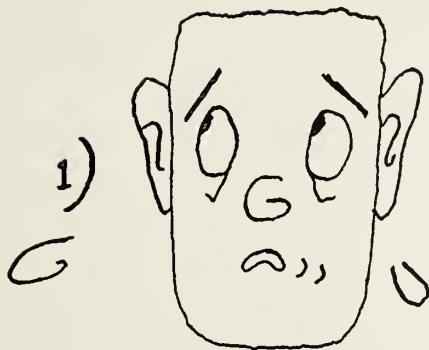
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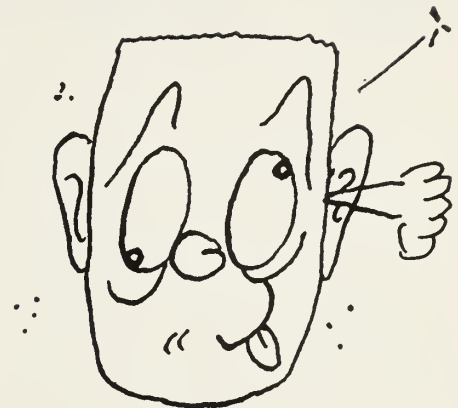
CONFUSED? See
Elder-Jones Lumber
Materials & Advice

Infirmary Bedpan Blues

by PHIL SHEPARDSON



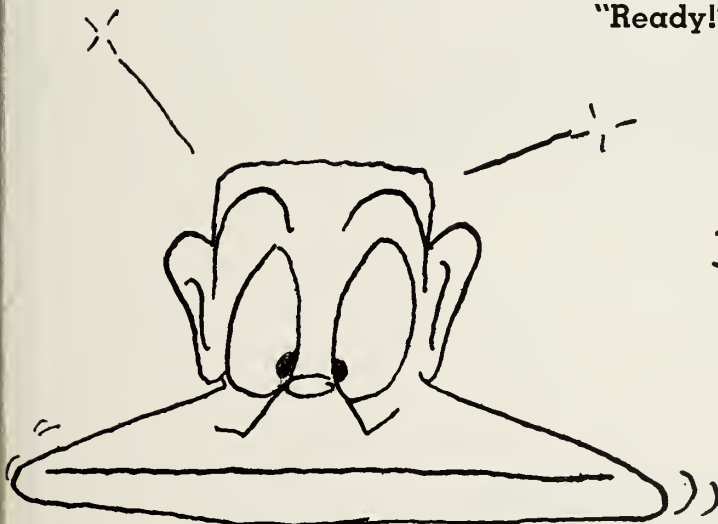
"Needle Time"



Fraternity Man
who thought
Martinis were
Women's drinks.



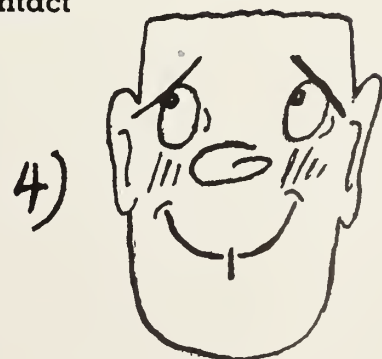
"Ready!"



Patient who hiccupped
with a thermometer
in his mouth.



"Contact"



"All Done."

SHEPARDSON

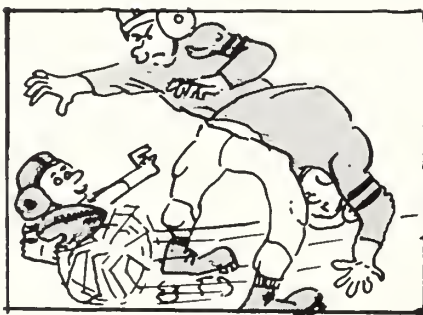
A YA-HOO EXPOSE:

BY MARTY DANSKER

Hur-ry! Hur-ry! Step right up here lay-dees and gentulmen. Welcome to the big top. Come in and see the greatest show on earth! We've got freaks, trained seals, India-rubber men, the fiercest animals in captivity.

And a side-show? Why buster, we've got the raunchiest side-show this side of anywhere.

"Whuzzat you say boy? How much does it cost? Why it's absolut-aly free, boy. Not one measly sheckel comes



out 'o yo wormy pocket. The old man already paid for it. Remember that ten-spot on your semester bill? It didn't go for the Society for the Advancement of the Protection of Skir. Diving in the South China Sea.

So let's propulsionate boy. Don't vacillate, ossilate. Lemme give you the ten dollah all-expenses-paid tour of dis yere circus.

The barker, War 'n Peace McCluck, hustled me through the heavy iron door and I emerged forthwith to look out upon a vast sunlit expanse of simulated outdoors. Whyinbell didn't they stay outside in the first place, I wondered? I was sure I had seen the place before, only then it was a Horticulture Show (or was it a concert?). Be that as it may, stood with my cruddy hands clutching the slimy rail and observed for the first time the panorama of the CAGE. It was a strange and wondrous place to behold. My eyes gazed around at the

queer little men doing strange antics. Then I knew I had seen the place before. It was the wardroom of the Northampton State Hospital for the Insane. McCluck pointed to the column of men approaching goosestep style and continued his spiel:

Passing in review rotacee fashion we have our All-American, All-Anything, All-Star cast of performers. Don't shy away boy, they're all chained and completely harmless.

Making his maiden-form voyage out from behind his cage we have the Ya-Hoo Man of the Year, the feerohsus, the lovable and witty, the one and only Tom Bishko. Say a few words to the crowd, Tom.

"Gimmee back dem dere Property Of's or I'll send Keedy after youse guys. It's about time the guys around here learned that ya can't kid around with the Kid."

Thank ya, thank ya, Tom. Better chain him back in his cage again before he gets violent. And now folks stepping along in the procession, dressed in his natural habitat (a bucket of water), we have the inimitable, the unbelievable, that noted contributor to *Sunshine and Health* magazine, a man who has never been seen by man or



beast wearing more than a whistle—Joe (Give em Hell) Rogers. Want to say a few words into the mike, Joe?

That was most enlightening. And here we have, whistling a few bars of "Dixie" on his trusty piccolo, a man who, when the Civil War ended in

1865 headed for the Holyoke Hills and has been fighting a guerilla war ever since, a man who introduced to the U. of M. a new form of rebel torture known as gymnastics. I refer, of course, to none other than Doctor



Colonel Robert E. Lee Jefferson Davis.

"Give me thet there Damyantee hunk 'o cornpone with the Damyantee squack-box. Ah hates awl Damyantees, but most of awl ah hates Damyantee seniors who are taking Phys. Ed. 3." Watch 'em as they pass by, boy, each and every one worth the price of admission. They're lanky, they're squat, they're giants, they're littul fellers. And they're all classics.

Look! Up there in the sky! It's a bird, it's a plane . . . come to think of it, it is a bird. Wait a minute, that's no bird—it's Flash Footrick doing time trials. And right behind him is Dick "Shane" Garbor, with old "Tumbleweed" Bosco tumbling along.

THE PHYS. ED. DEPT.

Ah yes folks, and here he comes now! He makes 'em laugh, he makes 'em cry. He's the darling of the gallery, that King of the Klowns, Steve (Emmet Kelley) Kosakowski. Watch the kiddies on the parallel bars jump

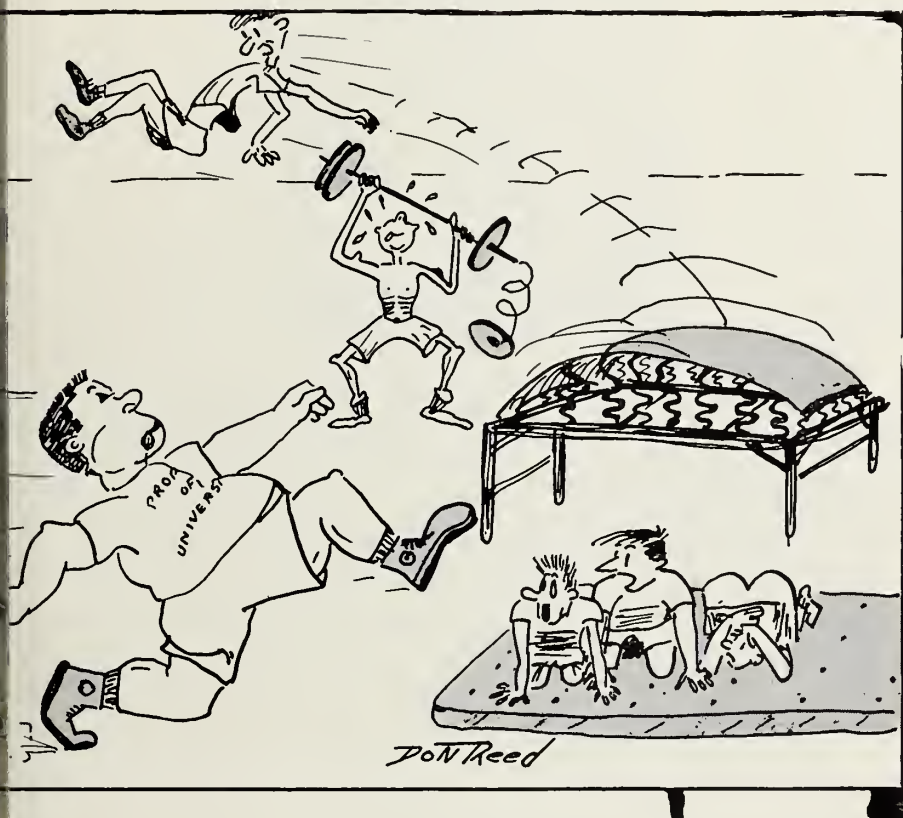
ed to keep you in suspenseful misery, a show that will run all year long with new interesting changes in acts every six weeks—and all for your enjoyment at absolut-aly no extra charge, compliments of the management. Smilin' Ben

of the physical, for the physical, and by the physical shall not perish from the earth until every Danyankee senior drops dead at Gettysburg."

Prancing around the center of the animal Cage were a group of happy, carefree, saintly-looking lads with halos over their heads. They were having a class in whistle blowing. These were Physical Education majors, than whom there is none more holy in the confines of the Cage.

C'mon, boy, step up the pace! Your dragging yo peristolsus. Follow me to the next wonder of the world on your all-expenses-paid tour of the Cage.

McCluck pushed me forward and once again I heard an iron door slam



with glee as Uncle Steve entertains them with his usual antics. Say a few lovable cheery words to the crowd, Steve.

"Drop dead."

Good old lovable Steve. Well folks, here it is—a great show, well calculat-

Ricci is selling season tickets directly behind my back, and change will be handed out by the man who refuses to stay in the background, silver-tongued "Kid" Keedy.

Upon entering the Cage, I had very cleverly noted a group of men in ball and chains standing on their heads against the wall. These would be up-perclassmen repeating Phys. Ed. 3. They were receiving "Mintjulep" Davis's famous lecture entitled: "Physical Education: The Most Important Course in the Curriculum and Key to Life, Liberty, the Pursuit of Happiness, and a Shoulder Separation." This is the speech that ends up: "Education

shut behind me, but before I could protest I slipped in a pool of sweat. I blacked out instantly and in my delerium saw Joe Rogers holding a swimming class in the sweat pool. (On Magoo, on Schmoo, on Smiley). I awoke, only to find myself in the locker room with McCluck standing over me.

"McCluck! What is this horrible smell? I can't stand it! I'm choking to death!"

"It's only the sweet pungent odor of mouldy 'Property Of's' rotting in rusty lockers. Ugh!"

"Ugh! Wait a minute, you're not McCluck, you're the Great White Father!"

"Father, shmather! Die!"

The Great White Father stuck his tongue out. There was a flash of lightning. So I died.



The Massachusetts Dilly

VOL. II NO. 8, 436.07
PUBLISHED TWICE TOO OFTEN
UNIVERSITY OF MASS. AGGIE
JULY 14, 1789

SENATE REPORT

Men's Affairs' Committee Rids Campus of 'Beasts'

Roger Boob, in a stirring speech to the Senate last night, moved that the Men's Affairs Committee of the Senate should have the right to interview and disqualify all women candidates for admission.

"I'm sick of the beasts that the Registrar has been forcing on us helpless males," Boob wailed. The general opinion voiced was that the UM male spends more in a term on his goldbricking female counterpart than he does on board, room, and tuition so he should at least have a say in the calibre of women admitted.

Head of Women's Affairs Patti Glumdalelitchh, after surveying the problem thoroughly, proposed that a wooden stand be constructed near Leach for amorous athletes and automobile osculators providing such essential commodities as Kleenex, lipstick, sen-sen-cushions, combs, and a place to check earrings. Every student purchasing any combination of three of the above services would be entitled to a free mouth wash. Miss Glumdalelitchh assured the Senate that she could always provide attendants for this booth from members of Isogon Chapter of Motorboat.

Sourgrapes, and Jack Sweetie. Senate Veep Loois Ri advocated an identification billboard to be worn about the neck of every UM student containing such vital statistics as wrist length, social status, cumberbund size, liquid capacity, and favorite color. Ri's wish was to have these invaluable signs hang down the front of the wearer was quickly overruled by an overwhelming male majority.

Finally, in his finance committee report chairman Diamond Bruce Rhombus grunted, "Due to recent unfortunate occurrences at Hialeah, the Senate will have to raise the Student Activities Tax to \$3,007.46 per capita.

The meeting was adjourned by President George Clunk after three Senate members had been shot at by some Puerta Rican fanatics.

Too Much News

No kidding folks! We had so much valuable and important news to print we didn't know what to do, so we asked Ya-Hoo to give us some space as a public service.

In Memoriam

Why don't you try coming out only once a week?

Gene Hardrocks, Chm.
Walk on Walks Comm.

To the Editor:

I think the Dilly really deserves the chance to go daily after the splendid job it did all year. I can't imagine anyone opposing the idea.

Oima Oinck, Pres.
Campus Prudes Ass'n

To the Editor:

Nothing can express the depth of our sincerity when we say to you valiant fellow members of the Fourth Estate, "Our hearts bleed for you."

Ya-Hoo

To the Editor:

Now that you are printing the Dilly on softer paper, we are behind you in all your attempts to put it out more often. You can't imagine how many new fans you made when you discarded that old slippery stuff.

John Head,
Baker 504

Sex and Alcohol to Play Major Role in Expansion

Sex and alcohol will play an important part in the University's long-range expansion program, it was announced today by President Chay Pull Motor. Long frowned upon by administrators and faculty, recent findings by Dr. Kinsey, Phi Sigma Kappa, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and the Amherst vice squad have proved that these items are beneficial to college education.

First building to be constructed under the present master plan will be a multi-million dollar Student Union. It will be full equipped with equipment to provide educational stimulation for students. Pool tables, one-armed bandits, a shooting gallery, pin ball machines, and roulette tables will be on the first floor. A torture chamber to be furnished by the class of 1955 is also planned.

The ballroom, which will be the largest on campus, will have ample room to hold such dances as the Hoods' Hop, the Farmers' Frolic, and the Louie party. A special lane will be constructed to serve as the anchor leg of the Beerathon.

An eight-million dollar classroom building is also planned. Such overcrowded courses as Home Ec 42, Agronomy 3, Art 75, and Mambo Dancing 26 will no longer be faced with the "beat the heat" problem.



Pictured above is the multi-million dollar classroom building which has top priority on the schedule.

Fortnightly Blast
By Lit Editor
Arouses Campus

Stable Elections Find

from members of Isogen Chapter
 2230

time it was generally approved that the telephone booth in Memorial Hall would be the most suitable place. Appointed to lead this vital group were Sam Snerd, Marcia

Eat, Drink, Be Merry Warns Dean

In a speech before the Interfraternity Council late last night, the Dean of Men laid down his strict policy in the following terms: "Anything goes!"

When reached for comment, the Dean of Women had this to say: "Cohabitation? I'm for it!"

Student groups, up in arms at this switch in administration policy, have lodged a vigorous protest with the Governor and plan a march on Boston and a hunger-strike on the State House lawn as a last resort.

Seething with anger at this directive from the Dean's office, IFC President Dan S. Melley said, "We'll fight this to the end. Us Griks won't stand for women in the fraternities at all hours."

With angry rumblings being heard all along North Pleasant St., Phi Swigma Kappa was spearheading the drive to revoke the new "only beer at meals" edict. "We don't want none of that Commie socialistic stuff here" was the general comment to be voiced.

Rumors were afloat today that the next step by the administration would be a "no curfews for women" order. A committee of University women students has already been formed to fight for the preservation of honor, chastity, and the curfew.



Tom Smith, our Photography Editor, has captured the expression of surprise on Saymore's face upon learning of his election. "Can this be me?" he seems to be saying.

The Publishing Board of the Massachusetts Dilly proudly hails the election of its new editorial staff—a group of winners who are really winners.

Easily filling the chair of Executive Editor will be David Saymore, a gregarious figure of many talents. Anna Karenina will serve as his private secretary.

Happily united in the editorship of the bi-weekly rag are Tsem Kepplen and Mad Comics. Kepplen has played an outstand-

ing role in many campus philanthropies, and was actively supported for election by the Campus Varieties committee, the Rally Committee, Max Shulman, and many others.

Mad is acclaimed as one of the deftest southpaw ping-pong artists ever to reach the Northeast.

Serving as Managing Editor, Sports Editor, and Cleaner of the Cave will be ace columnist Jack S. Chevrolet. Good old Jack S. can always be counted on to work up a libel suit for the Dilly.

nightly editor, was assaulted last week by Fortnightly editor Rasputin Friendly as the two were reading manuscripts. Mr. Friendly apparently became aroused after reading one of his own stories and brutally assaulted Miss Noodnick, sultry co-ed from Tijuana.

Miss Noodnick told the Dilly she would not press charges, but apparently changed her mind when told Mr. Friendly had prepared a defense on grounds of temporary insanity:

"So that crummy intellectual says he was crazy to assault me. huh? I'll fix him."

Crocodile Wrestling, Jai-lai Come to Cage

At a special press conference late yesterday afternoon, Director of Athletics Warren P. McGuirk announced that Joe Rogers, swimming coach at the University since 1933, will be ordered to wear clothes at all future public appearances.

Long noted for his quaint style of dress, consisting of the whistle of many colors, Rogers has conceded to the new ruling with scarcely a murmur.

"I don't mind wearing a t-shirt and socks," commented Joe quietly when interviewed by a Dilly reporter, "but I'll be &\$%*(if I'll wear pants."

In another startling announcement, McGuirk told the press conference of tentative plans he had formulated after prolonged meetings with Ira M. Bush, head of the Department of Floriculture, to convert the Cage into a monster greenhouse.

completed.

Not to be outdone by the Drake, the Commons plans to construct a rathskeller as part of a drive to keep the delinquents on the campus. A vigorous protest has been lodged against this move by the management of the C-Store, who, it is rumored, plan to counter the Commons with skin shows nightly. This has not been confirmed as yet.

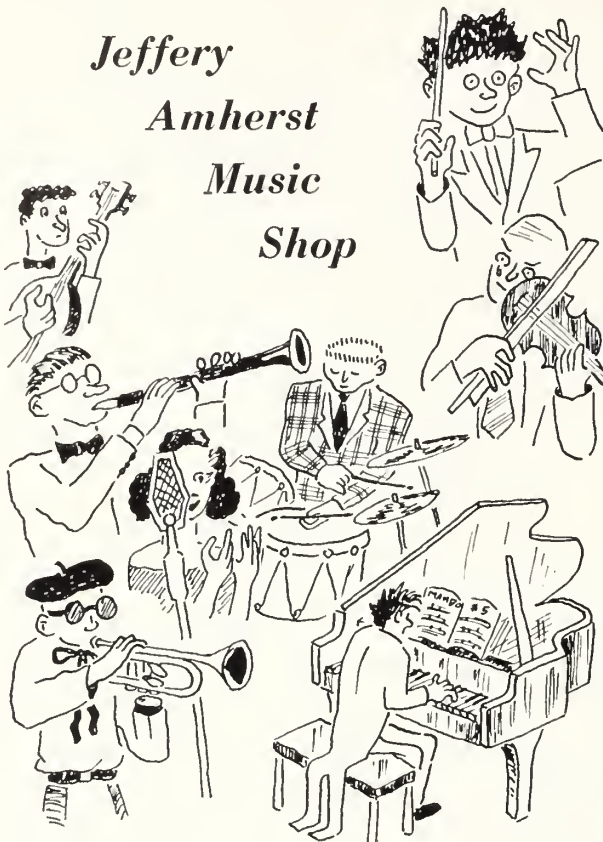
To accommodate the rapid influx of students, an extension will be added to Lover's Lane with a full-time tow truck to help nature lovers who get stuck in the mud.

"Of course, this will have to wait until after completion of the new women's physical education building, when we will be free to move into Drill Hall," said McGuirk. "We won't have much room for spectators at home basketball games, but we feel that fencing is the coming winter sport and the Drill Hall set-up would be perfect for the new program."

Two new sports, one to replace softball, were added to the intramural athletics program. Underwater crocodile wrestling, which is reputedly the fastest growing sport in the nation today, took over the spot formerly occupied by softball.

Jai-lai is the new activity to be introduced at the Cage. It is expected that this popular "fun for the whole family" sport will sweep the campus of its male population within a matter of days.

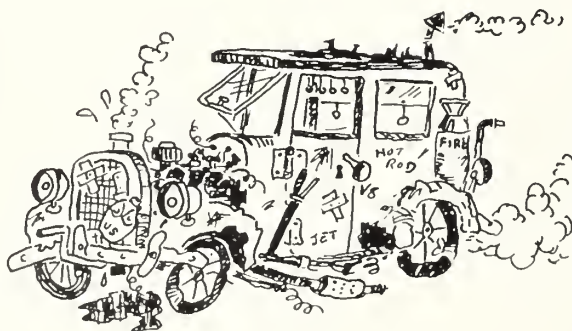
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GULF

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The Village Blacksmith

by DON ADELETTI

(WITH AN ASSIST FROM SOME GUY NAMED LONGFELLOW)

Under a spreading chestnut-tree

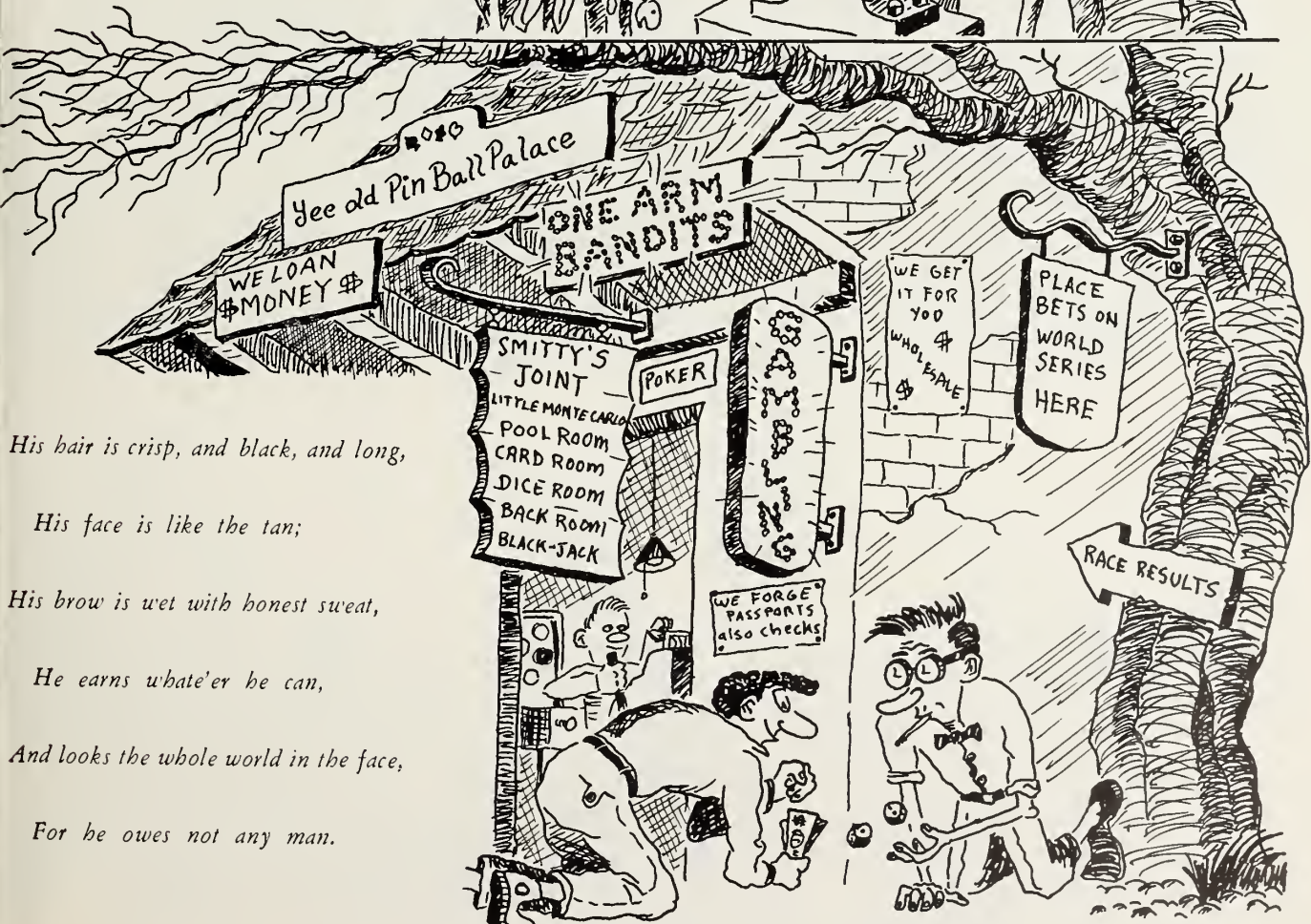
The village smithy stands;

The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands;

And muscles of his brawny arms

Are strong as iron bands.



His hair is crisp, and black, and long,

His face is like the tan;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,

He earns w'hate'er he can,

And looks the whole world in the face,

For he owes not any man.

*Week in, week out, from morn till
night,*

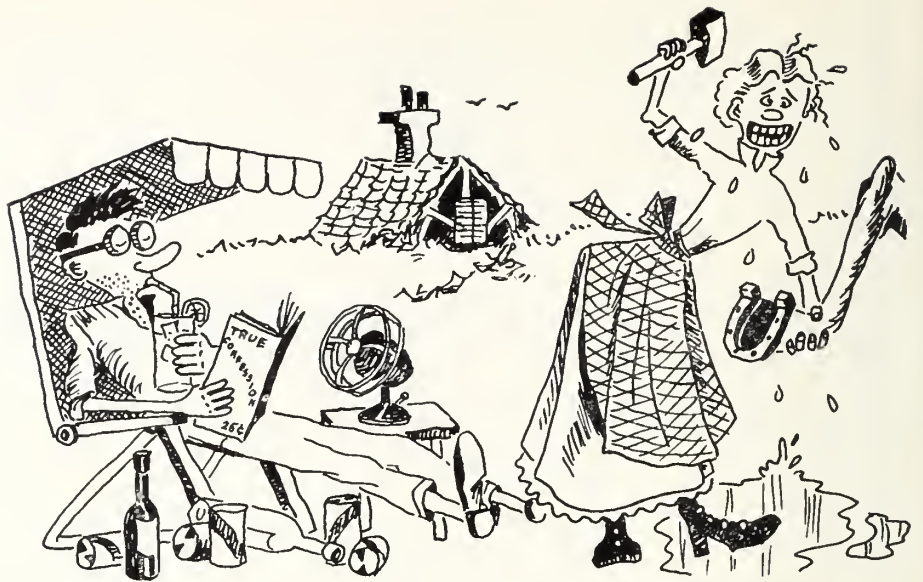
You can hear his bellows blow;

*You can hear him swing his heavy
sledge,*

With measured beat and slow,

Like a sexton ringing the village bell,

When the evening sun is low.



*And the children coming home from
school*

Look in at the open door;

They love to see the flaming forge,

And hear the bellows roar,

And watch the burning sparks that fly

Like chaff from a threshing floor.



He goes on Sunday to the church,

And sits among his boys;

He hears the parson pray and preach,

He hears his daughter's voice,

Singing in the village choir,

And it makes his heart rejoice.



*It sounds to him like her mother's
voice,*

Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,

How in the grave she lies;

*And with his hard, rough hand he
wipes*

A tear out of his eyes.



Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,

Onward through life he goes;

Each morning sees some task begun,

Each evening sees it close;

Something attempted, something done,

He earns a night's repose.

*Thanks, thanks to thee my worthy
friend,*

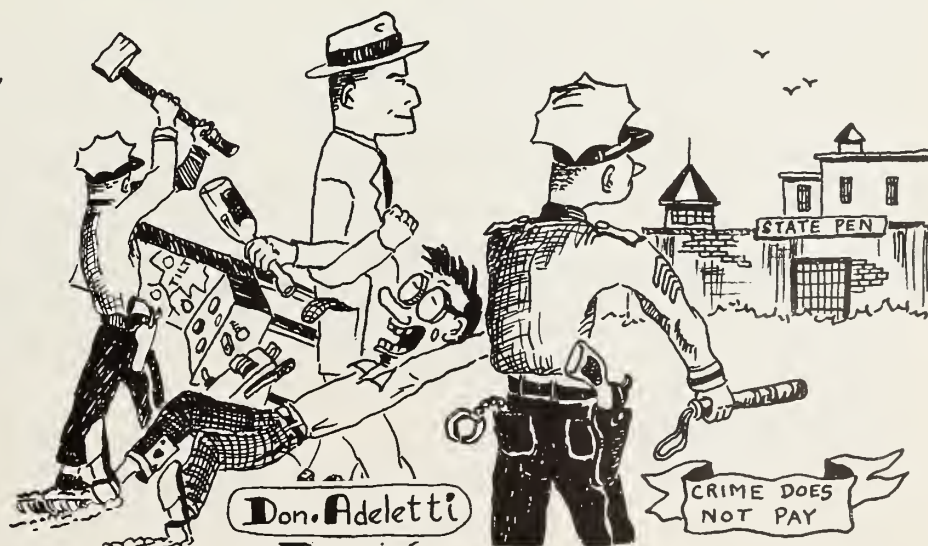
For the lesson thou hast taught!

Thus at the flaming forge of life

Our fortunes must be wrought;

Thus on its sounding anvil shaped

Each burning deed and thought.



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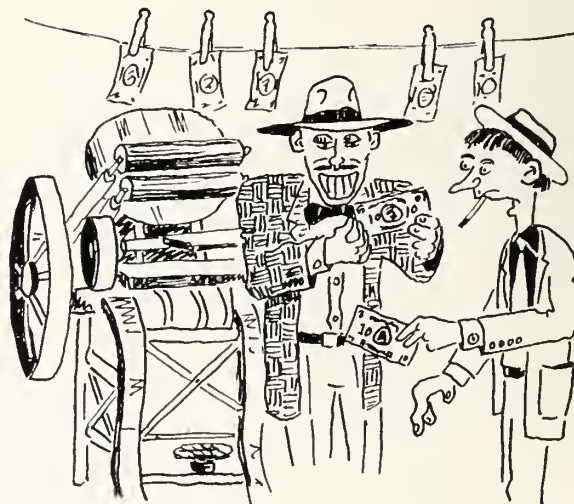
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THE OLD MAN
AND HIS TEA

by STAN CRAMER

H. KINGSBURY



"I'd like to introduce you to your date..."



Today he was twenty-one years of age and he was an old man. He was an old man he could get served beer in bars and his roommate couldn't. He called his roommate "boy" because he was twenty-one years of age and an old man and could get served and the boy couldn't and the green grass grew all around and the green grass grew all around.

It was in the time of the monsoon season in Amherst and it was evening on his twenty-first birthday and the old man was going to leave the room.

"Boy," he said, because he was twenty-one and his roommate was only twenty, "I am going out to get some tea." The old man called beer tea because he thought it sounded cute and he had once read it in a Fitzgerald novel.

"Old man, please let me go with you," begged the boy, pleading with the old man like Robin with Batman.

"No."

"Why, old man?"

"Because you are a boy and I am an old man and you must do your studies."

The boy was making a study of the art of pornographic literature. He had the world's most lascivious written matter in front of him—*God's Little Acre, Tobacco Road, The Quail*. He was writing a thesis entitled *The Pander: His Methodological Approach to Procurement: A Study in Persuasion*.

The old man saw the look of sadness on the boy's face as he left the room. He was sad because the old man had mashed his face into a bloody pulp. The boy whimpered.

He walked to Barsclotti's and sat down at the bar and saw the usual nauseating faces. Behind him Dirty Lil the bar maid was quietly kicking a fine looking gentleman in the stomach, coming down with a rabbit punch in the nape of his neck at the same time. Lil wasn't like most women.

A ragged looking individual with a bulbous red nose slithered along the floor and stopped in front of the old man. Grasping the old man's femur,

he painfully drew himself up until they were face to face. His breath reeked like LA when the wind is right. His eyes could have filled the school's quota for the blood bank.

"Whaddyasay?" he slurped, his saliva marring the shine on the old man's shoes.

"Beat it."

He began to beat the old man's femur with the jagged edge of a beer bottle.

The old man looked down at him compassionately and gouged his eyes out. "You should have been a professor. You have a wonderful speech impediment."

"I am a pefesser," he gasped, sinking to the floor, "and you don't talk like no Billy Graham yerself."

The old man felt a tug on the sleeve of his sweater. This was a remarkable accomplishment on his part because he was wearing a sleeveless sweater. A feminine voice from the barstool next to him broke the awful silence.

"Hello."

"Hello," replied the old man wittily, "what's your name?"

"Kytanya Kostilovovitch."

"That's a good American name."

"Yes."

"It is a name."

"Yes."

The old man realized he was pitted against a conversationalist to challenge his own mettle as a proficient linguist. She spoke again.

"I am likink you varra much," she said laughingly. Her laugh had the wonderful sound of the last bit of water gurgling down a bathtub drain. She spoke:

"Russians are red,

Mondays are blue;

Drink a fifth in an hour

And I'll be for you."

The old man accepted the challenge. Dirty Lil set a bottle of Old Croaker and a shot glas in front of him. The barflies buzzed around him.

He began to drink. After five drinks he gave up smoking. After ten drinks he swore off liquor. Still

he drank on.

Fifteen shots and the old man was shot. He labored for people to toast. He drank to F.D.R., Winston Churchill, Xerxes, Joe Zilch, Red Cooper and his jazz band. His eyes were blurred, his hands heavy, his bladder disintegrating. Only the fraternity man's code of the jungle kept him going.

He was dimly conscious of the girl's imploring entreaties to keep going. It was do or die for dear old Aggie. He drained the bottle as the bells tolled the hour.

But alas—alas, the old man would never claim his reward, for he had passed into the Elysian fields of all alcoholics. In short, he was out cold.

Several months later, when the old man came to, he was aroused by the boy gently prodding him with a pitch fork.

"Wake up, old man, wake up! You've got to! They are going to get you for not having a sticker!"

The old man rose gingerly, and breathed a heavy sigh on the boy, turning his hair white. (After all, Old Croaker is not Moxie, you know.)

"M'boy," he belched sadly, "I've just had the most wonderful dream. I dreamed that I was out in a fishing boat and that I hooked this here tremendous fish on my line, see. He put up a tremendous battle and it damn near killed me before I finally landed him. And then—this'll really get cha—some sharks came over and ate the whole damn fish up."

The boy was visibly shaken by the deep emotion of the old man's tale.

"And," he cried out in a voice taut with tears, "what great truth did you discover from this? Did you learn the futility of existence? Did you regret yet understand the deep symbolic meaning of the experience? Did you take the whole trial with great humility and understanding and become a wise and humble old man?"

"Hell no," belched the old man barfing on the boy's shirt, "I hate fish! What ever happened to that lousy broad broad anyhow?"

①



②



③



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THE

CINEMA REVIEWED



BY JER O'COON

I am a banana—a fruit by name
Whose avocation is of dubious fame
Not for Food, except for thought
Is the Trade I've been taught

You must think, as well you may
That I am queer—a fruit to say
That I can think of such a way
To give you thoughts with which to
play
But I have learned to hide how I feel
Beneath the shroud of a banana peel

For when I am critic I must wear
Absolutely nothing which would bear
The least bit bias or prejudice
The least distraction or thought for
this
The critic of "One Summer of Happi-
ness"

The eyes and ears of the world today
A flash on the screen, nature is seen
Beauty in reeds—evil in deeds
Hut Sut Rallston on the Rilla Rall
Brolla, Brolla Suet
A boy, a girl upon the beach
Fifteen yard penalty—punt

She's lovely, she's engaged, she uses
Ponds
Bathtubs aren't invented yet
He's suave, bland, full of couth
A speech impediment—he has no
mouth
They're showing this scene straight
from a dream
The sun is upon them; nothing else
Here, here, what? Old boy—nothing

The interest was high—the crowd was
aghast
How much longer will this last
Another scene to follow the first
It's good, it's better; it's worse

Just at this time I thought of strange
topics

What propagates bananas in the trop-
ics?

Is it a bird, a flea, or a bee
That stimulates bananas from tree to
tree

Numlick once said I was hermaphro-
dite
Ingabor replied "T" was a worm that
did it"
Yet note my posture—my humpback
bend
Hermaphroditic from head to end

The Third must emphasize them all
These foreign films project much gall
Yet these are the previews all came to
see
I question: how does this grab me?

Mares eat oats and does eat oats
And little swans are made into boats
We all know little lambs eat ivy

Which all goes to prove to each his
own, or so I thought as I left the
show
Am I or aren't I, do I or don't I,
Will I or won't I go?

Then came the crusher, the play of
the day
The protest, the ban, the cry
STAY AWAY
So let me relate the banana today
To that which I have attempted to say

Pick your banana, symbolically of
course
Peel it gently; never use force
Peel it once, twice, then thrice
Observing that once will never suffice

After you're through, you've had your
meal
You've digested the food, rejected the
peel
I'm not a banana after all—
I AM A CAMERA

*Don't Stop Just
ANYPLACE*

STOP AT THE
Sprucehill Motel

Rt. 9 Hadley



Keep Clothes Clean

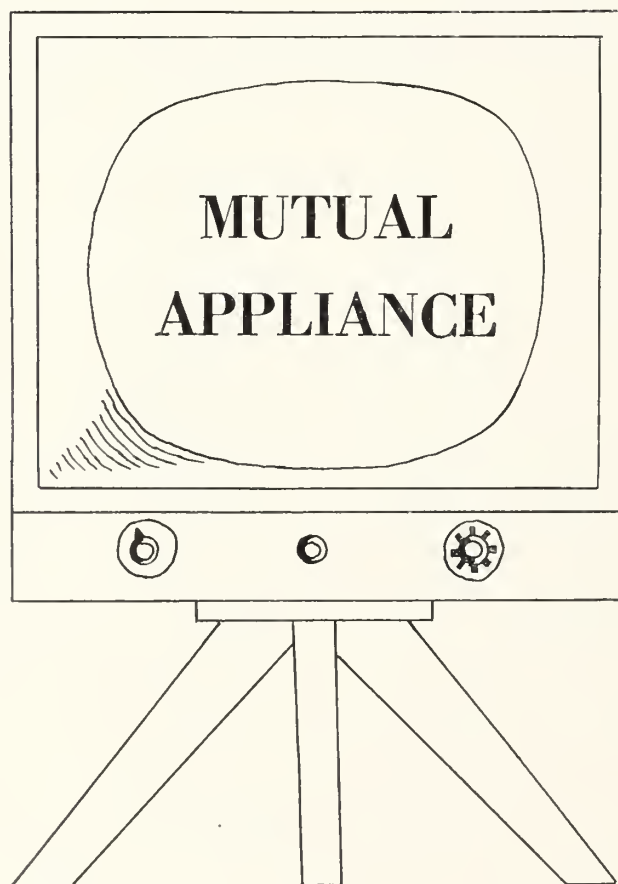
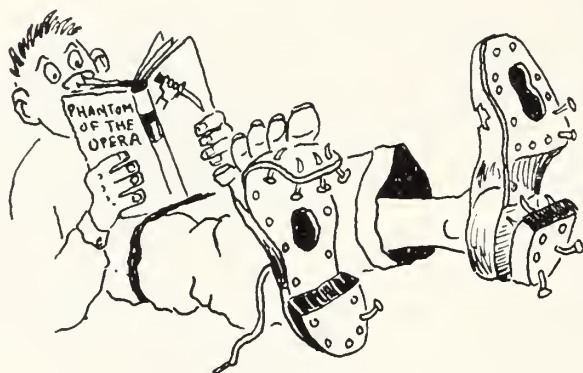
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Time To Visit

BOLLES SHOE STORE



Letter From Fort Dix

Dear Ya-Hoo,

All those who want to hear about Uncle Donnie's life in the army please raise their hands.

I am writing this letter sitting on the barracks rafters. The light's better up here and it's warmer.

Naturally, this ingenious move invokes much wonder from the other guys in the barracks and a few have adopted the idea. (Wait till I show them my gossamer wings.)

This basic training is for the birds. It's phys. ed. and the boy scouts rolled up in one. Today we went through the manual of arms and Uncle Donnie was really outstanding (so was my M-1 thumb).

The guys in this barracks are, for the majority, at the comic book stage. There are about five college guys here—of course we read higher class material—*Quick*, *Tempo*, *Photo*, *Glance* . . .

Yours truly is also a "Qualified Fireman"—after one hour of fireman class I am authorized to fire the barracks fire and water heater. We firemen are a clannish bunch—we recognize each other by our soot-lined caps, collars, and faces. We also steal each other's shovels, ash-pit-shaker-handles, etc. A favorite fireman practice of the wee hours is writing on the furnace room walls with red-hot pokers. This requires skill. We're thinking of developing a manual of the poker, and an "in cadence" Furnace Firing.

Today I let the fire go out but luckily everyone was away and I had plenty of time to rebuild it. It's when you let the fire go out late at night that the troops don't like it. Many's the 12 to 3 a.m. shift that I've seen Firemen from other barracks stealthfully padding about the company area in search of wood. When the moon is full you can see as many as five or six Firemen darting here and there clutching their little treasures.

We firemen in this barracks don't stoop to stealing wood anymore. We've found a new source of supply—the barracks itself. So far we've burnt all the door braces—next comes the lower clapboards. Every once in a while our sergeant comes down to look at the fire and says, "How's your ashpit?" He's a jovial fellow.

I still get guards asking me, as I go for a shovelful of coal, "Are you a Fireman?" A few of us have thought up apropos answers such as, "No, I worked for a coal company before I came in and I'm just tapering off!" or "No, I just like to feel the briquets!" or "No, I'm looking for an honest man!"

But enough of the adventures of Pvt. Audette, Boy Stoker. Must hit the sack now as I have to be on the job at 3 a.m. Besides, before I rack out I want to grab my shovel and run to my coal bin. I got a new ton of coal today and I want to play in it.

Pvt. Don Audette, '54

COLLEGE

TOWN

SERVICE

CENTRE



**GRANDY'S
RESTAURANT**



Pizza
Our Specialty

Verboten . . .

Continued from page 9

campus. The memo further admonished that all offenders would be sternly punished.

Intrigued by this little note, *Ya-Hoo* wondered how well things were going with the drive. So, armed with notebook in hand, we bravely set forth to interview the campus chief of police.

We found him in a little cubby-hole cleverly hidden behind North College, happily carving another notch in his trusty summons pencil.

"Tovarich," he said as we strolled in "I finally got that one! He thought he could get away with it by parking his car in Springfield, but it takes more than that to fool me! I tailed him all the way down to Lima, Peru, and then got him for using a second-hand sticker. Like my suntan?"

We politely commented on his rather ruddy hue, and then throwing caution to the winds, asked how well he was progressing with his work to rid the campus of cars.

"Well," he said, his chest visibly swelling with pride, "not bad, not bad at all. Sent 'bout a dozen up the river so far. And there's the two fellas who left for Siberia mutterin' somethin' about going to get some freedom. Don't worry, we'll clean this campus up and make it safe for all the righteous minded.

We left quietly at this point, before he could slip on the handcuffs.

While grouse-hunting in the meadow, a fellow was amazed to see a nude girl flash before his eyes, closely followed by two men in white. A third man in white, carrying a pail of sand brought up the rear.

"What's the deal here?" the fellow asked the sand carrier.

"This gal just escaped from the asylum and we've got to catch her," the man panted as he ran along.

"Yes," persisted the hunter, "but why the sand?"

"Oh," came the reply, "I caught her yesterday. This is my handicap."

**Jeffery
Beauty**



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In the Shuffle

Wee Willie was walking with Wanda, his brand new girl, on the way home from grammar school. Both were eight years old.

"Wanda," said Wee Willie, with worshipping eyes, "you are the first girl I have ever loved."

"Cripes!" said little Wanda, "I've drawn another beginner."

Two old maids were watching a rooster chase a little grown hen around a yard. Finally the hen ran through the fence, under a passing truck, and was killed instantly. One old maid smiled sweetly, turned to the other and said: "See? She'd rather die."

"Have gooseberries got legs?"

"Nope."

"Then I just ate a fieldmouse."

They dragged the student down to police headquarters and took him before the Sergeant.

"What am I here for?" he asked.

"For drinking," the officer sternly replied.

"Good. When do we start?"

A comely co-ed met her aunt downtown on Saturday night and was given her aunt's paycheck to take home. On the way home she was held up.

"Help! Help! I've been robbed!" she cried. "Someone has taken my aunt's pay!"

A policeman quieted her. "Cut out the pig Latin, girl, and tell me what happened."

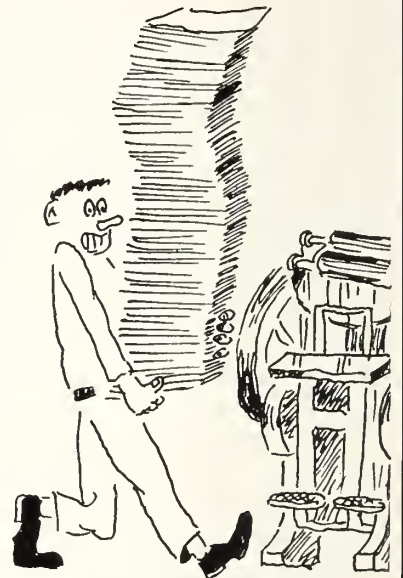
Three traveling salesmen were standing on a street corner in North Africa: one was an American, another an Arabian, and the third an Englishman.

Just at that time a voluptuous dancing girl glided by.

"By jove," said the Englishman.

"By the prophet!" said the Arab.

"By tomorrow night!" said the American.



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